National Tribune.

"TO CARE FOR HIM WHO HAS BORNE THE BATTLE, AND FOR HIS WIDOW AND ORPHANS."

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THE

Lost Army.

Scouting and Fighting Adventures of Two Boys IN MISSOURI AND ARKANSAS IN 1861, '62.

Fremont Pursues Price into Southwest Missouri.

SIEGE OF LEXINGTON.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX,

Author of "The Boy Travelers," "The Young Nimrods," "The Voyage of the Vivian," "Fulton and Steam Navigation," "Decisive Battles Since Waterloo," "Marco Polo for Boys and Girls," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE REBELS ON THE OFFENSIVE—SIEGE OF LEXINGTON.

HE morning after their arrival at Rolla, the prisoners taken through the instrumentality of Jack and Harry were sent to St. Louis, where they were held until an exchange was arranged. Col. Wyman thought the interests of the service would be advanced by keeping the captured Captain and his comrades in ignorance of how their seizure was accomplished, and in obedience to his orders the two youths kept out of the way of the prisoners, and nothing was said in their presence that could enlighten them.

It was several months before the Captain found out how cleverly he had been taken. At first he was inclined to be very angry with the boys, and vowed vengeance upon them if he ever met them again; but on reflection he remarked that all was fair in love and war, and perhaps he was not quite free from blame in talking so readily with two entire strangers. "They played the game well," said he; "splendidly, in fact, for a pair of youngsters, and if I can ever give them a helping hand when they're in trouble I'll do it." He wasn't at all a bad sort of fellow, that Captain, and you can be sure that after that he wasn't quite so ready to confide in persons whom he had never seen before.

Not only did the boys have a selection from the captured horses, but they had a choice of saddles and also of the pistols which formed the armament of the prisoners. All the pistols were old, and some of them were quite as likely to do damage at the rear as at the business end. The Captain had the best weapon of the lot—a Colt's revolver, and there was another just about as good. Jack and Harry drew lots for the choice. The advantage fell to Jack, who immediately picked up the Captain's revolver and handed it over to Harry. "I've got the Captain's horse," said he, "and you ought to have something to remember him by, so you must take this along." Thus the division was settled, and both were happy.

Thus armed and mounted, the boys were what might be called "swells" in the garrison of Rolla, and the envy of many of their associates. There was not a great deal for them to do for a month or more, as the enemy did not make the attack upon the post they had been threatening to make, nor did they even make a feint of one. The boys went on several scouting expeditions on their own account, with the approval of the commanding officer of the post, and though they made some discoveries and obtained information that was of use, they did not succeed in making captures of prisoners and horses.

Recruiting for the rebel army was in progress in all the interior Counties of Missouri, and often almost under the eyes of the Union authorities. Now and then an expedition seized a squad or company of recruits and brought them triumphantly within the lines, but as a general thing the most of the men who wanted to join the Southern armies succeeded in doing so. The fact was, it was not possible to garrison every town and village throughout the State, and it was thought best to allow those with Secession proclivities to get away to the field whenever they wanted to go, rather than remain and be a cause of trouble.

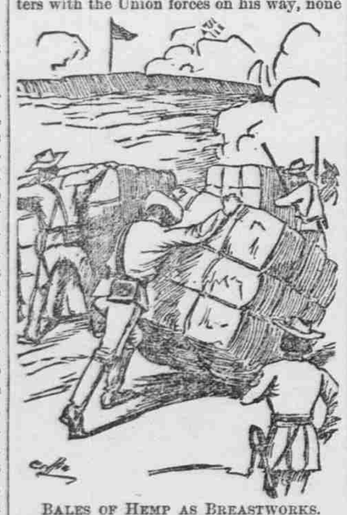
Gen. Fremont had been assigned to the command of the Department of the Missouri shortly before the battle of Wilson's Creek, and it was to him that Gen. Lyon had appealed so earnestly and so vainly for reinforcements to enable him to hold out against the advancing rebels. After the retreat of the army to Rolla and the occupation of Springfield by the rebels, Gen. Fremont set about organizing a force to take the field early in the Autumn, with the hope of securing possession of the State and flying the Union flag all over its territory.

After the battle of Wilson's Creek the unpleasantness which had existed between the rebel leaders—Price and McCulloch—increased, and finally threatened to end in warfare almost equal to that which they were trying to wage together against the Union. McCulloch refused to advance further into the State, in spite of the entreaties of Price. An appeal to the Confederate Government did not result in securing a peremptory order for McCulloch to advance as Price desired, and the result was a separation. McCulloch went back to Arkansas, while Price, whose forces had been strengthened by recruits from various parts of the State, marched northward in the direction of the Missouri River.

Price's openly-declared intentions were to capture Jefferson City, the Capital, and reestablish Gov. Jackson in authority there. A State Convention had met there in July, and, of course, there was no Governor to welcome it, and no Commander-in-Chief of the State forces. The Convention declared the office of Governor vacant, and chose a new Governor, Hon. Hamilton R. Gamble, to fill Jackson's place. It is needless to say that Gov. Gamble was a Union man, and from that time onward the power of the State was exerted in favor of the National Government and against the rebellion of the South.

Jackson, the fugitive and rebel Governor, never saw the State Capital again after he left on the day of the memorable flight to Booneville. He continued with the rebel armies in southwest Missouri and Arkansas and died in the last-named State long before the end of the war. Gen. Price survived the war and afterward went to Mexico, where he was one of the founders of a colony of Americans who had sworn never to live under the flag of the United States. He died there in 1867.

With 20,000 men in his command, and with his numbers increasing every day of his advance, Price reached Lexington, on the banks of the Missouri, having two or three encounters with the Union forces on his way, none



BALES OF HEMP AS BREASTWORKS.

of which were of much account. The superiority of his numbers gave him the advantage, and his opponents wisely retreated as he moved on. Lexington was garrisoned by about 2,600 Union troops, consisting of volunteer infantry and Home Guards, under command of Col. Mulligan, of the Irish Brigade. A fortification had been thrown up around the college buildings, which stood in a commanding position between the new and old towns of Lexington, and about half a mile from the river. The bank of the river was a high bluff, and with the exception of a small supply from cisterns and springs, water for the garrison had to be brought by hand or hauled by teams from below the base of this bluff.

Col. Mulligan arrived at Lexington on the 1st of September, and the fortification, which he greatly strengthened, had been laid out by the commander of the troops already there. The spot was not wisely selected, as we shall presently see. As one of the officers said afterwards, "it was a very good place for a peace fortress, but very bad for warfare, especially when the warfare has to be defensive."

The men worked night and day to complete the intrenchments, which were 10 feet high, with a ditch eight feet wide, and capable of inclosing 10,000 men. Rumors of the advance of Price were in the air, and it was definitely known that he was moving toward Lexington. Appeals for reinforcements were sent to St. Louis, but they did not succeed in bringing troops to the aid of the garrison, for the simple reason that none could be spared from that city.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, the 11th of September, the Union scouts and pickets were driven in by the enemy only a few miles out of Lexington. The rebels followed rapidly and attacked one of the angles of the fortifications, but not very vigorously. The fighting was kept up on the 12th and following days, while the rebel army was coming up and making its preparations for the reduction of the fortification and capture of the garrison.

There were nearly 3,000 mules and horses inside the fortifications, and as the rebel shot and shell fell amongst them they caused a great deal of trouble. Numbers of them were killed and their bodies lay rotting in the sun, the garrison being too much occupied with defending the position to give attention to burying the dead animals or doing any other work of the camp. Frequently some of the affrighted animals broke loose from their fastenings and ran wildly about the camp, and it was finally found advisable to allow some of them to run outside, as their value was not sufficient compensation for the trouble and danger of caring for them.

The college building was within the inclosure, and occupied as the headquarters of Col. Mulligan. Very naturally, it formed a fine target for the rebel artillery, and they blazed away at it with good effect. One night they fired hot shot at it, but did not set it on fire; had they succeeded in doing so it would have created considerable havoc among the garrison, as the ammunition for the defense of the place was stored in the cellar, where it was covered with dirt and sods.

The rebels went to work leisurely, as before stated. They planted some of their artillery on the river bank, where they stopped every steamboat going up or down. They seized the ferryboats that connect Lexington with the opposite bank of the river, and thus prevented the crossing of reinforcements which were moving from Kansas to join the threatened garrison. Several steamboats were thus taken, and for a while, at least, Gen. Price was certainly master of the situation.

The country around Lexington grows a large amount of hemp, and thousands of bales of this article were stored in the warehouses of the town. The rebels rolled out this hemp, and with it constructed moveable fortifications, with which they proceeded to reduce the earthworks of the Union army.

And this is the way it was done: The hemp was thoroughly wetted, so that there would be no danger of its taking fire, and then the bales were rolled toward the Union works, one after another, until they formed a breastwork; and all the time not a head of a man could be seen. Then other bales were brought forward and rolled on the top of the first layer, and in this way the assailants had a defense that no bullet could penetrate. Even the four or five pieces of light artillery which Col. Mulligan possessed could do but little against such a bulwark as this.

The first of these hemp breastworks was thrown up to the west of the fort; another on the north, where it was partially sheltered by timber, followed it very quickly. In the night they were pushed forward, so that they were within very short range, and from the spaces between the bales the rebels kept up a fire upon every Union head that was shown on that side of the earthworks. It was a repetition of the trick of Gen. Jackson with the cotton bales at New Orleans in 1815.

There were several houses within range of the fort, and these were speedily occupied by the rebels. Then from every rock, elevation, fence, gully and tree bullets were steadily whizzing, the great numbers of the rebels enabling them to keep their lines of attack fully manned at all times.

Rations were growing short in the fortifications, and the men were worn out with hard work and the necessity of being almost constantly on duty. The stench from the dead animals within the lines was fearful, and threatened to breed an epidemic; some of the Home Guards were demoralized and wanted to surrender, but the commander refused to entertain the idea of giving up the place.

CHAPTER XIX.

SURRENDER OF LEXINGTON—PRICE'S RETREAT AND FREMONT'S ADVANCE.

To the lack of ammunition and provisions, the stench of the dead animals, the immense preponderance in numbers of the enemy, the abundance of hemp with which the rebels could construct breastworks, the beleaguered garrison had to face an additional horror—that of thirst.

As before stated, the fortification was at some distance from the river, and within the limits of the fortification there were two cisterns, which were soon exhausted, and just outside the lines were two springs, which afforded a scanty supply, the rest being taken from the river. As soon as the besiegers ascertained this state of affairs they proceeded to cut off the supply of water, which they were able to do with their greatly-superior numbers.

All communication with the river was severed, and then a force was posted in a position to fire on anybody who went to get water at the springs. Men can fight under great privations of food and with short supplies of ammunition, but they cannot fight against thirst. So determined were the men to hold out, that during a heavy rain on the second night after the siege began every tent and wagon cover was spread to catch as much water as possible; in this way a good deal was secured, and more was obtained by spreading blankets, and afterward wringing them out.

Twice a white flag was raised on the ramparts without the authority of Col. Mulligan, and immediately hauled down as soon as he learned of it. A third time it was raised, also without his authority; but when he considered the sufferings of his men and found there was no prospect of relief, he consented to surrender, and negotiations were begun immediately. Unconditional surrender were the terms demanded by the besiegers, and under the circumstances the besieged were forced to accept them. They piled their arms and handed over their colors. Col. Mulligan wept as he gave up his command, and many of his men fairly rolled on the ground in their rage at having been defeated. But it was practically impossible that they could hold out any longer, and the surrender was certainly in the interests of humanity.

The losses were less than might have been expected in a fight that lasted from the 11th to the 20th of September, though it must be remembered that for the first few days it was not very energetically pushed by the besiegers. The water supply was cut off on the 17th, and from that time to the 20th the garrison had no water beyond what they caught in blankets, tents and wagon-covers in the rain, that has been mentioned. Less than 200 were killed and wounded on the Union side, and about the same number on that of the rebels. Each side claimed to have inflicted a greater loss on the enemy than it sustained itself, a circumstance which has been more or less intimately connected with warfare since the world began.

Immediately after the surrender the rebels swarmed around the prisoners, and while some treated them kindly others heaped abuse upon them, and if the Unionists had not already laid down their arms there would have been a good prospect of a renewal of the fight. The prisoners were paroled not to take up arms against the Confederacy until regularly exchanged, and then they were set across the Missouri River and marched to a point near the Hannibal & St. Joseph Railway and told to go where they pleased. During this march they were in charge of Gen. Rains and his brigade, and most of them testified to the kindness of the soldiers of Rains's Brigade and of the people along the road they traveled.

After the surrender Lexington was a lively place. With nearly 30,000 victorious rebel soldiery in the town, and many of these soldiers filled with whisky, in addition to being flushed with victory, the streets were anything but quiet and orderly. The officers of the Confederates were gentlemanly enough, but as for the soldiers they were anything but well-behaved. It required all the authority of the officers to keep the men from breaking loose and setting the town on fire or committing some other folly or barbarity. In some instances it became necessary to order the men out of town and form camps three or four miles away, which no one could leave without express permission.

There was the same lack of uniforms that had characterized the troops at Wilson's Creek, only a few hundreds of all the army under Gen. Price having been able to obtain the Confederate gray. Some of the Generals and Colonels were uniformed, but many were not, and wore their civilian dress, with cloth shoulderstraps to indicate their rank. Many of the soldiers fought quite independently of all command, and took their positions wherever they were best suited.

An eye-witness of the siege said that the mode of fighting was well illustrated by something that came under his observation. There was an old Texan, dressed in a buckskin suit and armed with a hunting-rifle of the kind in use on the plains before the war. About 7 o'clock every morning this Texan used to go to the Confederate breastworks, carrying his dinner in a tin pail. He hunted around for a good position till he found one, and then he fired away whenever he saw a head until the sun showed the meridian.

Promptly at noon he knocked off for an hour and ate his dinner. Then he went to work again and kept at it till 6 o'clock, when he went home to supper and to spend the night in peaceful sleep. Morning saw him at his post again; and thus he continued at his daily task till the surrender took place. There were a good many independent warriors of this sort, and if they did not kill many of their adversaries it was because the latter kept their heads out of range.

As soon as Lexington was surrendered Price turned his attention to gathering supplies and recruits from the rich and populous Counties along the river. While he was engaged at this business, Gen. Fremont assembled an army at Jefferson City for the purpose of heading him off. A portion of Fremont's army marched from Jefferson City to Tipton and Syracuse, while the balance was sent forward by railway to the same point. It was intended to march from these points to Springfield and reoccupy the place, which Lyon's army had been compelled to give up in August after the reverse at Wilson's Creek.

At the same time the garrison of Rolla was strengthened, and a column was ordered to move from that point to join the main force at Springfield. This movement promised to give occupation to Jack and Harry, who had been chafing at their inactivity while preparations were in progress. True, they had scouting expeditions occasionally, but as they did not succeed in finding any enemy, except in a very few instances, there was not enough to make the life of the camp at all exciting.

Movements were delayed by a lack of supplies and transportation, and it was not till the middle of October that the Union forces took the offensive. In the main column from Tipton and Syracuse, Gen. Sigel's Division had the advance; while the other commanders were waiting for transportation Sigel scoured the country and picked up everything that could be of use. His wagon-train when he started was one of the funniest things of the kind ever known; there were some army wagons of the regulation pattern, but there were more emigrant wagons, such as are used by pioneers seeking new homes in the far West beyond the lines of railway and where steamboats are unknown.

Then he had stage-coaches, family-carriages, drays, hay-carts, in fact all the kinds of vehicles known to that part of the country, and whenever a pack-saddle was found it was taken along. And the motive power

THE TEXAN RIFLEMAN.

was as varied as the vehicles to be moved; it comprised mules and horses as a matter of course, and it also included oxen, and even cows where the latter were found docile enough to be yoked or harnessed. There was a rumor that some of Sigel's men attempted to harness up a drove of pigs; that they took the pigs along there can be no reasonable doubt, but probably for some other purpose than breaking them in as draft animals. However burdensome to carry a pig may be, he has never been found a satisfactory beast of burden.

Before Fremont could get his army in motion, Price had taken the alarm and evacuated Lexington. He was too wily to wait till his enemy could get in front of him to cut him off, and the most that Fremont could hope for was that Price would make a stand in the neighborhood of Springfield and give chance for a battle.

Fremont did not encounter any enemy on his southward march until he was in the neighborhood of Springfield. When within 50 miles of that place he sent forward two companies of his body-guard, comprising about 150 men, under the command of Maj. Zagonyi, and composed of most excellent materials for a cavalry squadron. The members of the body-guard were from the best class of young men of St. Louis and Cincinnati. From the completeness of the body-guard's outfit and the dashing appearance it presented, it was derisively known as the kid-gloved regiment. It consisted of four companies of cavalry, and the intention was to increase it to a full regiment of 10 companies, an intention never carried out. After the removal of Fremont the famous organization was sent to St. Louis and disbanded.

Well, the body-guard got within eight miles of Springfield without seeing the enemy, but at that distance from town it found a brigade of infantry, with some cavalry, drawn up to receive them. Maj. Zagonyi ordered a charge, and it was made in gallant style. It was like the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava—it was magnificent, but it was not war. The enemy was routed and the town was occupied only to be abandoned as soon as night came on, for the very natural fear of a surprise, which might easily have been disastrous to the 70 or 80 men that remained of Zagonyi's command, the rest having been killed, wounded, or scattered in the fight. Fifteen were killed and 27 wounded, and fully 50 horses were killed or rendered useless by reason of wounds and over-riding.

Jack and Harry discussed the affair, when the news reached them, with the coolness and critical air of Major-Generals.

"What was the use of such a charge as that?" said Jack, with his eye fixed on Harry as though he would pierce him.

"It was a splendid fight," was the reply, "and did great credit to the men that made it."

"Nobody says it didn't," responded Jack; "but just look at the waste of life, and nothing to show for it. The rebels were preparing to leave Springfield; in fact, the 2,000 that Zagonyi says he encountered were only the rear-guard of Price's army, and when our army came along it could have occupied the town, as it afterwards did, without any opposition. The lives of those soldiers were just thrown away, and it isn't the only time men have been sacrificed just to enable somebody to show off."

Harry nodded assent, and the conversation shifted to other topics.

[To be continued.]

"SHERIDAN."

[In Memoriam.]

BY JOHN KEYSTON.

Hark! Down the lines a solemn cry
Sweeps on the night winds hurrying by!
A Nation's sad and pitying sigh
Proclaims the soldier and the man!
Hail! At the somber gates of Death,
"Who goes there?" and in mournful breath
The answer comes—"Phil Sheridan!"

Not at the post of duty, where
Amid the battle's lurid glare,
In other years 'twas his to share,
With sword to do, with nerve to plan;
Yet honored by a deathless fame,
A glorious and peerless name,
He goes to Death—our Sheridan!

What ardor all our being thrills,
What glory each heart-fiber fills!
Forget the deathless day who can,
When spurring onward, in his might,
On that black steed he won the fight
At Winchester—Phil Sheridan!

Oh, pallid is that daring brow!
Oh, nerveless is that strong arm now;
Death, who makes mighty heroes bow,
For him has done all that Death can!
But powerless it e'er shall be
To dim his loyal memory!
He lives with us—Phil Sheridan.

He lives with us unto all time—
Until Eternity shall chime!
A living, breathing, fame sublime
That ages shall not scathe nor ban!
Where'er a hero's love is sung,
While falls a word from heart and tongue,
Thy praise 'twill speak—Phil Sheridan!

O, gates where those immortals dwell,
Soldiers who in Life's conflict fell,
He comes to you who loved him well!
No blot upon that sword ye scan!
Mourned by the mighty hearts of those
Who knew him, sinks he to repose,
He lives in Death—Our Sheridan!

He comes, oh, heroes grand, to you!
Give him a welcome fond and true,
The grasp of brotherhood renew!
And, as that laureled brow ye scan,
We know that in each hero-heart
He bears of love a gentle part,
A brother, friend—Phil Sheridan!

He lives! Tho' fallen in the strife!
His is not death, but breathing life!
With all its love and honors rife!
Death can but crown the peerless man!
Lay him to rest! lay him to rest!
His sword upon his pulseless breast!
Peace, soldier-heart—Phil Sheridan!

One comrade more in that brave roll—
That column vast that nears the goal!
One comrade more, for him we toll
The burial chime; God's nobleman!
O, muffled drums, your mournful sound
Proclaims the hero, honor crowned.
Rest, peerless heart—Phil Sheridan.

WAITING FOR THE BUGLE.

[Thomas Wentworth Higginson in the July Century.]

We wait for the bugle; the night dews are cold,
The limbs of the soldiers feel jaded and old,
The field of our bivouac is windy and bare,
There is lead in our joints, there is frost in our hair,
The future is veiled and its fortunes unknown
As we lie with hushed breath till the bugle is blown.

At the sound of that bugle each comrade shall spring
Like an arrow released from the strain of the string:
The courage, the impulse of youth shall come back
To banish the chill of the dreary bivouac,
And sorrow and losses and cares fade away
When that life-giving signal proclaims the new day.

Though the bivouac of age may put ice in our veins,
And no fiber of steel in our sinew remains;
Though the comrades of yesterday's march are not here,
And the sunlight seems pale and the branches are sear,—
Though the sound of our cheering dies down to a moan,
We shall find our lost youth when the bugle is blown.

BRAVE SHERIDAN.

BY MRS. EMILY M. GRIPPEN, KIMBALL, DAK.

Again our Nation's called to mourn
And bow in deepest grief,
For death has called, this time to take,
Her Army's honored Chief—
Brave Sheridan!

No coal-black charger dashed and foamed
As on that historic day
He carried forward, mile on mile,
To Winchester away—
Brave Sheridan!

At evening's calm and pensive hour,
As loved ones gathered near,
The dark-winged angel quickly called
The man who knew no fear—
Brave Sheridan!

Rest, soldier! rest! for spirit forms
Will guard the heavenly way,
And lead thy spirit in its march
To realms of brightest day.
Rest, Sheridan!

HOW I WON MY WIFE.

Some Exceptional Instances of Wooing and Winning.

IN A HOSPITAL.

A Comrade Found His Wife Among the Visitors.

CAPTURED BY LETTER.

A Pennsylvanian's Romance Came After His Discharge.

IN AN ATLANTA HOSPITAL.

An Illinoisan Woos and Wins a Fair Angel of Mercy.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

I WAS one of the many participants in one of the grandest marches on record—Sherman's march to the sea; being a high private in the rear rank of the 89th Ill. Sherman's army had been fighting almost continually for nearly four months, when we captured Atlanta, Ga.

Here at this place was the turning-point of my life, for in the battle before Atlanta I was severely wounded in the left knee (thank fortune it was not one of my arms, as you will see farther on that I could use both my arms to advantage). My wound was not at first considered severe, but it would take some little time before I would be able to use my leg again.

I was cared for at first by the Surgeons of our command, but they had more cases than they could well attend to, and a great many of them were worse than mine; so I did not fare the very best at first, but later on received better treatment.

I had been suffering pain that pen nor word cannot describe for nearly two weeks, when I commenced to fall off in flesh very rapidly. My mind had also begun to fail, and my case was beginning to look serious indeed. It was but a few days before I had

A MINISTERING ANGEL.

wasted away to a skeleton, and my mind failed me altogether. By the untiring work of the skilled physicians and the aid that the ladies of the city lent them, I was soon restored to my mind.

It was the custom of some of the Southern ladies to visit the hospitals, and sometimes even help care for us, and I think it is a wrong idea that a great many have who say the Southerners were all rebels, for I think differently about the matter. I hold that there were some very kind-hearted people in the South, more especially a certain Southern lady.

I REMEMBER THE DAY VERY DISTINCTLY that my reasoning powers were restored. It was one of those hot Summer days known only in the South, when the mercury was ranging from 110 to 125 in the shade.

About the first thing that I remember was the beautiful face of a lady, who was dressed in neat attire. She was busily engaged in dressing my wound. The first thought that entered my mind was that she was one of the angels, who had descended from Heaven to care for the dying Union soldiers who so bravely bared their breasts to the balls of the Southern Confederacy. On looking closer, and mustering all the reasoning faculties that were then at my command, I "saw as through a glass darkly, but now face to face," that it was the form of a well-to-do Southern lady, performing the duties of a nurse to one of the enemies of her home, if not her cause. I was too weak or could not command words to speak to her then, and after she had finished bandaging my wound she cast a sympathizing smile toward me,

AND GAVE MY HAND A PARTING CLASP;

but before she could release her hold I drew her lily-white hand toward me and pressed it to my lips, as I breathed a silent prayer, wishing that she were mine. However, she did not tarry long this time, but passed on to the next ward to care for the wants of other suffering comrades,

By the time that the hour of 1 had rolled around the next day I had gained wonderfully in strength, so much so that I could talk intelligently, and was greatly cheered at the sight of this lady, who had cheered me so wonderfully the day before. As soon as she entered the room she seemed to throw a halo of light and peace around her. After exchanging a few kind salutations she began her labor of dressing my wound, which she said looked a great deal better.

I found on questioning her that her name was Miss Maud Jackson, and that she lived with her mother, her father having died when she was but six years old, but left enough to comfortably support Mrs. Jackson and her daughter, who moved in the best society of Atlanta. I also learned, to my heart's content, that she had charge of the section in which my ward was located. She made her daily rounds, supervising and helping with the work, as she had 25 nurses under her instructions. She stayed a little longer this time than the previous visit, and on leaving she promised to call again as soon as her duties would permit. She did not seem to be so busy that day for some reason, for she was around again in about an hour, and we had a very pleasant and agreeable talk.

From this time on I began to gain in strength very rapidly, and at the end of another week was able to sit up in bed; in less than a month I was able to walk around, with the aid of crutches. About this time I moved my headquarters. I was now stationed at the Jackson mansion, located on West Fourth street, and everything being agreeable Miss Maud and I consolidated our fortunes. I soon afterward obtained my discharge, and led a retired life until after the war, when we came West to seek our fortunes on the Western prairies.—WILLIAM GOODMAN, 89th Ill., Abilene, Kan.

A SUCKER'S STORY.

He Wins His Wife With His Pen.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

CTING on your suggestion to the boys to write for publication in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE the story of the wooing and winning of our "helpmeets," I submit the following letter, which was written on the historic battlefield of Chickamauga, and was addressed to the lady whom I married soon after the close of the war, and with whom I have lived in happy wedlock for nearly 23 years:

GORDON'S MILLS, GA., April 28, 1864.

MISS MARY ANN CHAPPELEAR, Bloomington, Ill.

MADAM: My esteemed friend, Robert Lewis, has generously contributed to my cup of pleasure by giving your name and address, accompanied by your photograph and a permission to open a correspondence with you. I regard this as a great privilege, and for this act of kindness on the part of your worthy cousin Robert I shall ever feel truly grateful.

To you, lady, who proposes to send a word of sympathy and cheer to a stranger soldier while so far from kindred, home, and all its thousand endearments, I tender my warmest thanks.

Permit me to say that I commend your judgment, and receive this generous exhibition of your nature as conclusive evidence of your feelings of respect for the soldiers of our common country and the patriotic devotion you feel in the great and honorable cause in which we are engaged. The name of such a lady will be written on every soldier's heart, and though never seen, will be cherished "while reason and memory hold their seat."

Am highly delighted with this novel mode of commencing an interchange of friendly communications, and sincerely hope that we may enhance our social enjoyment and derive instruction and profit through the medium of the pen.

Though I have little faith in the proverb that "the pen is mightier than the sword" at this particular period in our Nation's career, yet I have an ardent passion for letter-writing, and am happy that Robert's proposition came so opportune.

Letter-writing affords to the soldier much real enjoyment. His pathway would indeed be dark and cheerless did not these tokens of remembrance and love come to divert his mind and encourage him in his trying duties.

None can more fully appreciate such favors than the soldier boy who has left mother, sisters, home, friends all, and staked everything on the altar of his country. And the influence on our minds is incalculable; while it contributes to our pleasure it also restrains from wrong doing, and prompts to actions that comport with moral integrity and virtue. Woman, you know, is said to be "the redeeming portion of humanity." We readily admit the truth of the adage, for history demonstrates the fact that from her hands we receive all that ennobles and dignifies man.

These are not words of idle flattery, but expressions of our true sentiments in regard to the salutary and elevating influence that women ever wield over the minds of men. Probably you are aware that much of the time of army life is leisure, which accounts for the many evil habits contracted by the defenders of the dear old flag. If a soldier has no letter to write, no book or paper to read, he will do something, and that something is pretty sure to be demoralizing in tendency, which fact illustrates the truth of the saying that "an idle brain is the devil's workshop." Life in camp becomes very monotonous without some healthful and enlivening pastime, and our taste seeks amusement in the sweets of an epistolary correspondence rather than wasting time over the card-table. Our experience and observation have taught us that the army is no school of morals; hence it is that we so highly prize letters from the pure hearts of "the girls we left behind us." During our inactivity in the Winter months the prolific brain of a bachelor of our company suggested the following plan to obtain correspondence:

Each soldier wrote the name of some lady friend on a slip of paper, which we styled "lottery tickets," and dropped into a hat held by a trusty boy in blue. After the tickets had been thoroughly mixed we each drew one with our eyes closed, with the understanding that we would address by letter the lady indicated by the name drawn. I can truly say that I have been exceedingly fortunate in these novel drawings, having drawn some valuable "prizes."

Our object is intellectual and moral improvement and mutual pleasure. We have realized all the rich and lofty outgushings of reciprocal joy that the pens of the good ladies can inspire under the promptings of the most generous impulses.

I hope that our acquaintance may prove as pleasant.

Our Chaplain is holding a series of religious meetings, which are being attended with much profit. We have a beautiful "church," 40x50 feet, and an organized association of those who feel an interest in the promotion of the cause of Christianity. Quite a revival has blessed these protracted efforts and a number of happy conversions have occurred, while others are seeking the way of salvation. There seems to be something peculiarly touching in this awakening at this particular time and place. Last Sabbath four young soldiers nobly distinguished themselves by confessing their sins and joining the great army of Zion. They were baptized in the Chickamauga, with whose water blends the blood of our fallen heroes. The scene was deeply impressive and calculated to elicit serious reflections. The memory of the precious blood shed on Chickamauga's banks, the thousands of gallant dead whose bones are bleaching in the sunshine and the storm, and the sanguinary conflict before us all rendered the occasion one of peculiar interest and solemnity. May the good work go on, and to God be all the glory.

Expect to move soon, with a view to the opening of the Spring campaign. With Gen. Sherman at our head, we expect to march, 100,000 strong, into the heart of Georgia and the so-called Confederacy. We are confident that we shall ere long succeed in our praiseworthy object—the suppression of the rebellion and the preservation of our cherished Republic.

With a soldier's best wishes and kindest regards, I am, your friend, most respectfully,

L. A. ROSS.

"Mary Ann"—whom we now call Mollie for short—answered my letter immediately, and we kept up a pleasant interchange of epistles during our march to the sea and through the Carolinas, Virginia, and on to Washington.

Soon after our muster-out at Chicago I called on her, near Bloomington, and at this first meeting I surrendered to her personal charms and her bewitching black eyes. I "popped," and she said "yes"; but we were not married until Aug. 9, 1866, over 22 years ago.

It is with pleasure that I testify that our matrimonial union has been a happy one. Our attachment for each other has grown with the passing years, and will not be broken even in eternity. We have two lovely daughters—Abbie, who staid with us 12 years and then went to Heaven, and Maud, who is with us